



S U S P I R I A, or S I G H S
On the DEATH of the
Late Most Illustrious MONARCH
CHARLES the II. KING

O F

Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c. who Changed his Earthly for a Heavenly Crown, on Fryday the 6th. of February 1684. in the 37th year of his Reign, and 55th of his Age.

CAN Great, illustrious Britains Monarch, Dye,
Without a Sacrifice of Tears! what Eye,
Forbears to Drill whole *Hecatombs*! when we
Have lost the *Atlas* of our Monarchy!
Ah! sharpest Grief put out thy Keenest Stings,
Bemoan the best of Men, the best of Kings.
Can an Inrag'd, Distracted Muse forbear,
To Rail at Death, that must so rudely tear
Our [*Pater Patriæ*] Countries Father, hence!
Unruly Grief, Rail not at Providence.
How dar'st thou Murmur at thy Kings Remove?
The King of Kings, would have him mount above
An Earthly Crown, to a more Glorious one.--
Bright Rays of Majesty, about him Shone,
When here! -- he now in greater Glory Dwells;
A Glory that allows no Paralells!
Then spiteful Grief be still, and Envy not
Thy Prince, the great Advancement he has got.
Ah! Words where are ye! Ah! what must I borrow
Language from Tears to Represent my Sorrow!
Drop then ye friendly Streams, till like a Flood,
[More Elegant than Words] be Understood,
Our Universal Grief; to Mourn thus, you,
Better than Groans, or Elegies, can do.
Dull stupid Pen, away! give place to Sighs,
The Fittest Mourners for such Obsequies.
Presume not then to draw his Character,
His Royal Name is Blazon'd ev'ry where;
The Sun in its Orbicular surround
Scarce sees a Place, but where his Fame does sound.
Ah! but I will! And tell the World that he
Was Great, and Good, and full of Clemency,

A Prince of so much Majesty, that none
Could with more splendid virtues grace a Throne }
That lent (not borrow'd) Lustre to his Crown. }
Away, away; thou Blunt Poetick Art;
On meaner Subjects, Act thy little Part.
No Rhapsodies of Verse, no Prose can Rise
To Accents fit for such great Obsequies:
Oh! Great but Dismal Subject! could my Quill
Instead of Ink; with other Drops Distill,
I'de Represent to ev'ry Readers view,
Lines (not of Sable, but) of Crimson hiew.
There's nothing of Idolary in the,
Right Application of *Apostrophe*! (Prince
Then Great, (now then before more Glorious)
Since our Supreme King, has call'd thee hence,
May Heav'n's o're-ruling, Bright, illustrious Rays,
Give thy surviving Subjects *Halcyon* Days.
May this August Celebrious Kingdom see,
No *Inter-Regnum* of that Clemency,
Which sav'd three Kingdoms from a Fatal Yoke,
The Dire Results of an *Intended* Stroke!
Dismiss thy fear, His Royal Brother; who
Succeeds him in his Throne, and Virtues too,
Has so Majestick, so subline a Soul,
That what he promis'd, none shall dare Controul.
Away Suspicion! here's the Royal Word;
What greater surety can Mankind afford?
That Publick-Sacred-Obligation binds
The Royal Breast to leave things as he finds,
The Constitution of our Laws to be,
Just to the Subjects; just to Monarchy.